

THE KING AND QUEEN
23?

Revati

I have come to ask you
never to
suspect that we are hiding
him, It
is the people. Burn their
crops and
their villages, — drive them
with
hunger, and then they will
bring
him out.

Chandrasen

Gently, wife, gently. Come to
the
palace, son, the reception of
Kashmir
awaits you there.

King

You go there now, and I shall
follow
you. (*They go out.*) Oh, the
red
flame of hell-fire. The greed
and
hatred in a woman's heart.
Did I
catch a glimpse of my own
face in her
face, I wonder ? Are there
lines like
those on my forehead, the
burnt
tracks made by a hidden
fire ? Have
my lips grown as thin and
Curved at